

Jansenism



By Shomit Sirohi

I. Cinematographic Principles

Of a road and rooms
and Churches with
Quranic Hyppoliteanism
– Buddhist tricks of
Many Types to be an
Exposition of the Bible
as in fact Happiness,
Talking and Reading

II. Music

A man walks out of Rue,
1 Chanete and makes it
to his platform, by
locking the door it 4 am
in the morning, and is
ready to walk to in fact
the next lane and
walking in his clothes
which are drenched in
the rain already.

III. Music

In the Arab quarters in
Delhi, around 1972, a

few women are walking
and talking to Ilaan,
conversations on in fact
the process of Quran.
Ilaan is then working on
constructions of his
writings, a long poem.
In fact it is five in the
morning. A number of
old buildings, and also
then in another corner
of a Arab road, ready in
the winter for work, a
process of cycles which
go by, as Ilaan is in a
cheap stationary shop

and book store. He is holding a number of papers, and wearing a suit, and drops off the paper with a paper weight at the desk.

IV. Ionian

In Lorcan truth, a number of women are walking into the road to meet Ilaan, and are dying in Ionianism, that

tragic ornamented
clothing and perfume,
which then is how we
are dying, but graced,
graced to believe in this
architectural fragment.
Old roads, eternal.

V. In Paris, a Number of
Old Lanes, 1974

In fact then Philippe is
meeting Alain, and it is
then a long tragic poem,

about the life being so miserable. He is also happy, and explains the movements of St. Pascal – a spectre, and fragment in this street, writing on a thesis. Running people go past. A Brumiare. A motorcycle goes past as well.

Part II.

I. In an Organic
Hyppolitean Room,
In a Spandrel of a
Guest House in
Northern Delhi, a
Quranic Road

Ilaan meets the women,
as in fact as well
Belano, to understand
faith in the Quran, a
long poem –

“Perhaps, the whole
music,

Ilaanian,

Ionian,

Contemporary,

And Historically
Formed,

Organic Streets,

With their history of the
future,

In a tragic vision,

Is about faith,

That poems,

Will be Christian,

Perhaps Quranic,

Even Jewish,

That all this is,

Take off your clothes,
Ilaan says to her.”

II. Tragic Visions

In fact economics is part of sociology – and can be a tragic vision – that in fact it will be again historical truths of the Bible that we follow instead of economics or sociology alone –

Many women are laughing as in fact Ilaan reads out the Jansenist

sections of the Bible – it is about these fragments and poems which become about a set of novels which then go from Madrid to perhaps Delhi, and even Paris, and is Biblical – you see, like a thick set of themes on History in fact.

It can be poetic, the Bible. A man and many women, living long years, eternally in fact,

as readers of this page
adornment, which is
complexly adorned and
is like in fact doors,
roofs and old
Hyppoliteanism – which
then is arched guest
houses and cheap bread
and egg for breakfast at
a cheap university, and
drinking there which is
also morning drinks,
and college life. Where
we met, each other for
class and one day, we
died, did we – no, we

were reading the Bible,
illuminating it.

Part III

I. Working in a
Monastery, Waiting
at the Office, a Young
Man walks to meet
the Pope, Nobody
Cares about the
Divine Pascal, he
says, it can be

written in Poems of
Modern Pensee

“I misread the Bible for
fate.

Yesterday two women
teachers were found
murdered. They were all
in fact about the tragic
vision of school and
college life.

For telling teenagers
falling in love is normal,

that they're allowed to.

It's a 17-year-old girl,
Quranic and wearing
formals,
who tipped off the
Prophetic teacher for
his sexual poetry.”

The Pope waits at his
house as Reverend is
supposed to get him in,
they are talking as it
were on the phone,

“We're as sad as you
are.

What do you know?

This is a country.

Besides being sad,
I'm tired of not seeing
people read the Bible in
its expanse and
historical themes which
also mean simple base
and superstructure in
Iran where the cars are

old and requires a
special living life.

In fact then another
priest is walking
towards the house. I am
definitvely about Algeria
again.

And despite what you
think, I blame French
colonisation. That
organised plundering.

For you.

II. Biblical Imagery – A
Pensee is Cars going
By and a Modern
Revolutionary who is
always going out and
getting home in
organised Biblical
reference to works of
fiction

They mean business.
They're giving you
orders. No one other
than ourselves can
decide that we must

leave. In fact then the process of business then and news and all that is with in fact culture, that whole wealth of culture, which amounts to cheap bucket shops and cheap shops around but is business like they know business. But in fact it is also about Biblical conceptualism – something like a conceptual order being marked in the Bible – like Conceptual Reason

in an organon – women are swimming and men are in fact walking to university, and Church life.

I'd have been surprised.

Really surprised.

Your stubbornness is in fact adamant on the Hebrew writings with that Alenette – people wish it was militant that method.

Look at all these people.
They're at home here.
They all wish they could
remember the Bible.
They have no choice, no
money. It's not cowardly
to want to leave Paris.
It's about being free.

DJELFA

Many Ilaanian monks
are talking about
leaving the European
countries and even the

Ciclerian monks
housing. It was all about
in fact, leaving that in a
way the men got ready
in the morning in 1988
now that many years
passed by speaking and
talking and working in
fact that they passed by
the houses in a close-up
and walked past the
houses after years of
labour in the cheap
sense of the Champs
which then was also in
fact in the Rue, College

which became cheap
labouring publishing
house work which
finally meant a ride to
the police office for a
disagreement on the
Parish and passport
logic.

Sooner or later, it'll be
you.

No one can control
what's going on these
days.

You'll end up becoming
just another person on
the street no matter
what Ilaan says then
who is himself given to
labour in a labouring
world.

Your sacrifice will
eventually be exploited.

I've known you for
years.
I have respect for you.

And for what your
community has done.

Please, go back to
France.

Did your Peugeot car
break down?

Is any of you a
mechanic?

If you know how to fix
it, be my guest.

Should I try?

- Should I try?
- Is it in speed?

You're in acceleration?
Go on, try.

Will the village
need the Pope to
protect it?

Because they'll be back
someday.

Forget the Coriolanus!

It's a disaster.

Fidel Castro won't
come.

The protection is you.

This village grew up
with the monastery.

Who was that priest,
before?

A while back, before the
w*r.

Brother Bernard?

Another one. Old.

Brother Daniel.

That's him.

Brother Daniel.

He told my mother not
to stay here.

Move to a city.
There was no more
work here.

She made him swear
to say nothing to my
father.

Because my mother,
she feels good living
here.

Comfortable.

We may be leaving.

Why are you leaving?

We're like birds on a
branch.

We don't know if we'll
leave.

We're the birds.

You're the branch.

If you go, we lose our
footing.

Forgive us our
trespasses

as we forgive those
who trespass against us,
and lead us not into
temptation
but deliver us from evil.

Let us bless the Lord

We render thanks unto
Him

So you want to leave?

I was thinking that.

I wonder what my life
would be.

Your family, in France?

They're worried?

I'm not sure they realise
what's going on here.

I haven't said anything.

The last time I saw
them,

it was strange.

What do you mean?

We celebrated my
mum's birthday
at a restaurant.

Part III Passages in an
Old Biblical Street

Mass demonstrations in
the arched logics of the
2020 period finally after
years of reading and

writing. Ilaan became a philosopher and poet, and was in fact working on old cars and mechanic works, and was even in Paris for a year reading and writing pamphlets for the PCF.

I saw everyone.

Many people were there,

nephews, nieces, my
goddaughter.

Everyone was talking,
telling stories.

Taking pictures.

They know that's not my
thing.

I was there, listening. I
was happy.

They put me next to my
mum.

And at the same time...

...I was totally out of it.

I was thinking...

...if I stopped
everything, if...

I could move back
home.

Get back to work,
plumbing.

Town council,
fire department, chorus.

Then I thought,
"No, that's not
possible."

My life's over there.

Here. With you.

Part IV - Insurrection

In fact then a long demonstration of Philosophy taking place everywhere in the Paris district and living quarters. Philosophers talking loudly and wildly with Fidel that even in Delhi at the working class living cheap bastis where there was in fact in the University a mass protests which was a large mass demonstration of poor students and workers

together. A large
protest of working class
in fact gathered and
students gathered.

In Paris of course.

Christian's teaching
today
was interesting.

Don't you think?

Did you understand
anything?

f*ck off!

Okay.

Just tired. Not his fault.

"There was a time
when a French toe-punt
was crummy

"and its Irish equivalent
a mere display of
folklore.

"When these damned
men didn't know

what to do with their
ten digits,

"but were great at
bending the rulesm to
piss everyone off."

Is that all?

"Even though we agree
with Mr Break-Neck

"that our amiable guests

"never closed the game
out,

"we still wonder
whether they prefer,
deep down,

"Back when players
still cared about not
being

"old men."

III. In Church a
Sermon and Psalm

In fact in a long
philosophical lecture

the Bible is then
understood – to be a
Pensee, just the daily
life of philosophers and
all its musical syntax
and all that is called
profound is then as cars
go by in Iran.

A little more.

Help me, help me.

Don't abandon me.

Don't abandon me.
Please.

Help me.

Not very pretty. It got
miserabl in France.

Tell him I'll be giving
him two drinks.

He's in pain. He needs
medicine.

You'll be fine.

Glory be to the Father,
and the Son and the
Holy Spirit

Save us, Lord

Whilst we watch

Keep us, Lord

Whilst we sleep

And we shall watch with
Christ

And we shall rest in
peace

I'm worn out.

Part IV A Long Sermon

We found a wounded
man
on the ground.

His friends ditched him.

He talked about his
mother.
Said his name was
Fayattia.

My men let him suffer.

He died
before we could make
him our trophy.

How can you be sure it's
him?

Why do you think I
asked you here?

So?

It's him.

Get out. Go on.

Outside.

I sleep badly.

The slightest noise
wakes me.

I think over my life.

My choices.

As a kid I wanted to be
a missionary.

Dying for my faith
shouldn't keep me up
nights.

Dying here,
here and now,

does it serve a purpose?

I don't know.

I feel like I'm going mad.

It's true that staying here...

...is as mad as becoming a monk.

Remember.

You've already given your life.

You gave it by following Christ.

When you decided to
leave everything.

Your life,
your family, your
country.

The family you could
have raised.

I don't know if it's true
anymore.

I pray.

And I hear nothing.

I don't get it.

Why be martyrs?

For God?

To be heroes?

To prove we're the best?

We're martyrs out of
love,
out of fidelity.

If death...

...overtakes us, despite ourselves. We will still live for free.

Part V. Pascalian
Language

Our mission here
is to be brothers to all.

Remember that love
is eternal hope.

Love endures
everything.

I'm sorry.
Heavy downpours of
rain

have put no damper
on the spread of
violence. A number of
poets are in fact
walking in a cheap
college and talking
about long books and
Bibles.

Two opponents, one
clutching onto power,
the other out to seize it.

They'll fight to the
bitter. I don't know
when or how it will be
dying then.

In the meantime, I do
my duty...

Caring for the poor and
the sick, awaiting the
day I free myself with

them. Morning bread
and political speeches.

I. The Rue is then the
Bible

Dear friend,

pray for me, that my
leaving Paris is then
because of a revolt in
India

will in the peace and joy
of Jesus.

O Father

With the radiance of
your face

The shadows, for you

Are not shadows

For you, night

Is as clear as day

May our prayers before
you

Rise like incense

And our hands like the
evening offering

Welcome, Bruno.

Celestin.

Christophe.

Hello, Luc.

Jean-Pierre.

Amedee.

- Hosts.
- For me.

For us.
For us all.

Medicine.

For Luc.

Lots of medicine.

- You found it?
- I found your book.

Is it the right one?

"The Chosen".

Cheese!

Any news of Brother
Didier?

Of course he said to say
hello.

And I have a letter for
you.

So how was your trip?

How long was it?

It took a while
to come from the
diocese.

At least three hours. Of
a long reading of the
Bible each day, and the
Quran and all the
writings on ellipses and
all that utopianism in it
which is about the
people running and
getting off the car and
walking into Iran, and

smoking cigarettes at
the process of Bible.

there was a riot going
off in the working class
quarters of the stone
pelting workers, bus
burning on the
roadside.

Smoke coming out of it.

And we didn't know
if the jokes they were
singing were real or
funny.

On the way here,

as we got closer,
there were fewer
vehicles.

We celebrated
the Christmas Vigil and
Mass.

It's what we had to do.

It's what we did.

And we sang the Mass.

We welcomed that child
who was born for us...

...absolutely helpless
and...

...and already so
threatened.

Afterwards,

we found salvation
in undertaking our daily
tasks.

The kitchen, the garden,
the prayers, the bells.

Day after day.

We had to resist the
violence of the process
of inspiration.

And day after day, I...

I think each of us
discovered

that to which Jesus
Christ
beckons us.

It's...

...to be born.

Our identities as men
go from one birth to
another.

We are in fact a poetic
bunch who are walking
around and reading the
Bible, many women are

in Church and singing
the choir.